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OR  
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OF  
**AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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**Amelia Howard.**

(Concluded from our last.)

AFTER this tempest of grief had subsided Mr. Howard told his daughter that he freely forgave her, and hoped she would so conduct herself in future as to merit his forgiveness.—

"But, my dear," continued he, "I shall find it a more difficult task to pardon your husband; there is something in the manner in which he has obtained your hand so mean and so odious that I cannot suppress an expression of contempt which his ungentlemanly conduct has excited." Mr. Howard was about to proceed, but finding Amelia much affected at his strictures, dropped the subject; and, after making several inquiries respecting her place of residence, and her mode of life, gave her his arm, and accompanied her to her home.

The interview between the gentlemen, as might have been expected, was formal. Mr. Saunderson, in a confused manner, attempted to justify himself; but was interrupted by Mr.

Howard, who coldly replied, that justification at that juncture was of no avail: the offence was past, and so long as he comported himself with propriety as the husband of his daughter, and as a gentleman, he might depend upon his countenance and respect, but no longer.

Mrs. Saunderson, at the expiration of twelve months, became the parent of a lovely daughter. Young women, when they marry, anxiously, and joyfully look forward to the period when the duties of a mother will devolve upon them, and, with throbbing hearts, hail the appearance of their first born, as a dignified personage commissioned to give importance and stability to the empire of love.

But other thoughts now possessed the mind of Amelia. For some time previously to the birth of her child, she had noticed with concern the careless behaviour of her husband. He would frequently absent himself from home, until late at night; and, to her tender inquiries respecting the cause, she had received cold and unsatisfac-

tory answers. His business likewise was neglected; and often, when he came to his meals, she could observe the traits of dissatisfaction, which all his art could not conceal. One day she begged him to inform her whether he had discovered any thing in her conduct which caused him uneasiness; adding, "you know, my dear, I was never obstinate, and have always done my utmost to contribute to your happiness. If I have erred, deign to admonish your wife, and she will endeavour to profit by your admonition." To this winning language, capable of melting into tenderness the heart of any one possessed of the smallest share of feeling, Saunderson replied—"O, the devil! don't bother me! I am not in an humour to be cajoled with the sentimental cant of happiness. Go and whisper such fine stuff into the ear of your niggardly old father, and try if it will have any effect in charming his money into my pocket. How the devil does he think I am to support the character and appearance of a gentleman without a dollar in my purse!" This was the first intimation that was given to Amelia of the state of her husband's affairs. Every word was as a dagger to her heart. She knew not what to say in reply. And Saunderson, after muttering something, which the agitated state of her mind did not permit her to comprehend, left the house.

Mr. Howard had not been as ignorant as his daughter on the subject of her husband's affairs, and had observed with grief that he did not use much exertion to retrieve them. However, one day he called upon Mr. Saunderson, and spoke to him to this effect;

"I find, sir, that you do not prosper in the world, and I have reason to believe that that is one cause, and I hope the principal one, of your indifference to business. That you may have no ground to reproach me with a want of affection for my daughter, and a want of respect for you, I will set you up in business, and employ my influence in your behalf: provided you will pledge your word of honour, that you will be diligent in the prosecution of it, and attentive to the care and prosperity of your family." Saunderson, who did not expect such a reverse in his favour, cheerfully complied with the terms enjoined, and immediately went home to communicate the glad tidings to his wife.

Thus as a tempest was gathering over the heads of our little family, which threatened to involve them in impenetrable gloom, the wind suddenly shifted to the point of prosperity, dispelled the dark clouds of adversity and the sun of happiness "looked out and smiled."

After a lapse of two years, from the birth of her first child, Mrs. Saunderson was charged with the care of a son. Her husband had again fallen into negligence with respect to her; though, in consequence of the obligations he was under to his father-in-law, he had conducted himself with more circumspection and cunning in business: well knowing that a vigilant eye marked his conduct with penetrating scrutiny.—But one day, in an authoritative manner, he ordered his wife to prepare to remove from her friends, for he had determined to reside in Philadelphia—Thunderstruck with the unexpected

intelligence, she requested to know what had induced him so precipitately to form such a plan of conduct. "Amelia!" replied he, sternly, "no objections! the next week is fixed upon for our departure, and nothing but heaven shall prevent."

In a few days they safely arrived in Philadelphia. Amelia in that beautiful and flourishing metropolis was an entire stranger, and had not an acquaintance whose presence and friendship might sooth and console her amidst her afflictions. But she soon found that her husband was well known by a certain class of people, who immediately surrounded him in an obsequious manner, congratulated him upon his arrival, and cordially invited him to an entertainment, which they had ordered in honour of him.

Here it was that he found himself at home.—So long as he remained in Boston the presence of his wife's relations served as a bar to his inclinations, and a passion for gaming, which he had long secretly fostered, could not be indulged to the extent he wished. But now nothing conspired to oppose his fatal career. He was unknown except to his old associates in vice, and his desires increasing in proportion to the facility of their gratification, he finally threw off all restraint, and appeared in the eyes of the wretched Amelia a consummate villain.

His house was often the place of resort of his diabolical accomplices, whose conversation and behaviour were so different from what Amelia had ever been accustomed to, that, alarmed at the thought of her deplorable situation, she resolved to write immediately to her father, to disclose

to him the whole extent of her sufferings, and, at the same time, to beg him to come and save herself and her infants from impending ruin.

The letter was despatched by the next post, and in due time arrived in Boston. Mr. Howard prepared with all expedition for his departure. Meanwhile an event occurred, compared with which all the former distress of the amiable and heart-broken Amelia was of small account.

It was now the middle of December, & the season was unusually inclement. Saunderson had been two days attentively engaged at home, in a private room, settling, as he made his wife believe, some important business. The night of the second day, as usual, passed amongst his companions at their general rendezvous; and at three o'clock the next morning he returned home, but he appeared much disturbed, insomuch he refused to go to bed, preferring to slumber in a chair near the fire. Shortly after sunrise he ordered his servant to prepare breakfast as soon as possible, intimating he was going to the country. But scarcely was the order given when a confused noise in the street aroused him from his chair: snatching his hat and coat he fled through a back door and instantly disappeared.

The front door was silently opened by two constables, accompanied by a gentleman, who entered and locked it. At this moment Amelia was sitting in her kitchen, and was not apprised of the flight of her husband, nor of the admission of his unwelcome visitors. Her babe, who was six months old, was at her breast; whilst at her feet sat her beautiful little daughter, en-



gaged in folding up her night clothes. She was so perfectly abstracted from the world, and her sorrows, by the smiles, and amusing actions of her infant son, that she indulged herself in those expressions of happiness, which so freely emanated from her heart in the days of her prosperity: she was laughing aloud when the strangers approached the kitchen. Her back being opposite the door, at which they entered, prevented her from seeing them: but the precipitate flight of a cat, which was lying near the fire, caused her to turn around, and she started on beholding them. Pray, madam, said one, be not alarmed at our intrusion at this unseasonable hour; we merely want Mr. Saunderson. Bless me, Jenny! exclaimed Amelia to her servant, what can they mean? We mean nothing more than to inform you, madam, replied another, that your husband has committed forgery; and we must have him this instant, for he is in the house. Enough was said for the unhappy Amelia. No sooner had the word forgery escaped the officer's lips than she fell from her seat in a state of insensibility. Jenny caught the infant as the mother was falling; and the gentleman, raising her up, supported her in a chair, whilst the constables searched for Saunderson. Not finding him, as they had expected, they left the house; and the gentleman remained to condole with Amelia, who, by his exertions, was recovered from her swoon. He informed her that a bank check had been forged to pay a gaming debt; that his name was employed, and that the sum was considerable. In a short time he left her in a state of mind much better conceived than described. Her husband had com-

mitted a heinous crime, and fled she knew not whither.—She was far from her family and friends, and did not know where to flee for advice and succour.—In short, she was destitute of the means of support; and some days must elapse before her father could possibly reach her. To put the finishing stroke to her misfortunes the next day her insatiable and unfeeling landlord, hearing that Saunderson had eloped distrained for rent; and obliged her to seek an asylum for herself and children in the house of a neighbour.

Amiable but unfortunate girl, hard was thy lot! Think on her fate ye who enjoy the comforts of life, who have homes to shelter, and friends to protect you; think on Amelia Howard, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune and independence, once the delight of the young, and the admiration of the aged, reduced to the humiliating condition of a beggar, and in an inclement season stripped of her all, forced upon the charity of a stranger.

The neighbour to whose house Amelia went, was a benevolent and tender-hearted woman. She endeavoured to calm her mind by assuring her that all would yet be well; and was so very attentive that Amelia's sorrows were not a little alleviated thereby.

Mr. Howard, at the expiration of a fortnight from the flight of Saunderson, arrived in Philadelphia. His journey had been protracted to an unusual length by the badness of the roads; but more especially by the delicate state of his health, which had been for some time on the decline.—It is useless to attempt a description of his

feelings on being informed of the deplorable situation of his daughter, or their affecting interview. Let it suffice to say that as soon as he was recruited from the fatigues of travelling he took her and her children back to Boston; but not before he had returned a thousand thanks to the neighbour, whose benevolence, and motherly attention, they had so sensibly experienced.

Saunderson after lurking about Philadelphia for some time, entered, in the disguise of a sailor, on board a vessel bound to Havanna, from which place he never returned.

Amelia on her arrival at Boston was taken very ill. The repeated shocks her constitution had received were too powerful to be effectually resisted: though, for a while, by calling into action all the energies of her mind, she sustained the load of afflictions with patience: and did not yield to the destroyer until nature could lend assistance no more. After a lingering illness of six months, this amiable sufferer breathed her last in the arms of her affectionate and sorrowful sister.

Such was the fate of Amelia Howard. May this recital of her misfortunes warn the young and inexperienced against the delusions of passion, and the wiles of the insidious; and if ever an intemperate desire of pleasure, or happiness, should urge them to slight the precepts of Prudence, may Reflection point out to them the path of Duty, from which, if they once wander, the mazes of Error may preclude their return.

Envy is like a sore eye that cannot bear a bright object.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF  
SKENANDON, THE ONEIDA CHIEF,  
Who died the 11th ult. at his residence  
near Oneida Castle, in this state,  
aged 110 years.

SKENANDON, the celebrated Oneida Chief, whose death was announced last week, was well known in the wars which occurred while we were British colonies, and in the contest which issued in our independence, as the undeviating friend of the people of the United States. He was very savage, and addicted to drunkenness, in his youth;\* but by his own reflections and the benevolent instructions of the late Reverend Mr. Kirkland, missionary to the tribe, he lived a reformed man for more than sixty years, and died in Christian hope.

From attachment to Mr. Kirkland, he had always expressed a strong desire to be buried near his Minister and Father, that he might (to use his own expression) "*go up with him at the great resurrection.*" At the approach of death, after listening to the prayers which were read at his bed side by his great grand-daughter, he again repeated his request. Accordingly, the family of Mr. Kirkland, having received information by a runner that Skenandon was dead, in compliance with a previous promise, sent assistance to the Indians, that the corpse might be conveyed to the village of Clinton for

\* In the 1755, Skenandon was present at a treaty made in Albany. At night he was excessively drunk, and in the morning found himself in the street, stripped of all his ornaments and every article of clothing. His pride revolted at his self-degradation, and he resolved that he would never again deliver himself over to the power of STRONG WATER.

burial.—Divine service was attended at the meeting house in Clinton on Wednesday at 2 o'clock P. M. An address was made to the Indians by the Rev. Dr. Backus, President of Hamilton College, which was interpreted by Judge Dean of Westmorland. Prayer was then offered, and appropriate psalms sung. After service, the concourse which had assembled from respect to the deceased Chief, or the singularity of the occasion, moved to the grave in the following order :

Students of Hamilton College.

Corpse.

Indians.

Mrs. Kirkland and family.

Judge Dean, Rev. Mr. Norton,

Rev. Mr. Ayer.

Officers of Hamilton College.

Citizens.

After interment the only surviving son of the deceased, self-moved, returned thanks through Judge Dean as interpreter, to the people for the respect shown to his Father on the occasion, and to Mrs. Kirkland and family for their kind and friendly attentions.

Skenandon's person was tall and brawny, but well made—his countenance was intelligent and beamed with all the indigenous dignity of an Indian Chief. In his youth he was a brave and intrepid warrior, and in his riper years one of the ablest counselors among the North American tribes. He possessed a strong and vigorous mind, and though terrible as the tornado in war, he was bland and mild as the zephyr in peace. With the cunning of the fox, the hungry perseverance of the wolf, and the agility of the mountain cat, he watched and repelled Canadian invasions. His vigi-

lance once preserved from massacre the inhabitants of the infant settlement of Germanflats. His influence brought his tribe to our assistance in the war of the Revolution. How many of the living and the dead have been saved from the tomahawk and scalping knife, by his friendly aid, is not known ; but individuals and villages have expressed gratitude for his benevolent interpositions, and among the Indian tribes he was distinguished by the appellation of the "*White Man's Friend*."

Although he could speak but little English, and in his extreme old age was blind, yet his company was sought.—In conversation he was highly decorous, evincing that he had profited by seeing civilized and polished society, and by mingling with good company in his better days.

To a friend who called on him a short time since, he thus expressed himself by an interpreter :

"I am an aged hemlock—the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches ; I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have run away and left me—why I live, the great Good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

Honored Chief ! His prayer was answered—he was cheerful and resigned to the last. For several years he kept his dress for the grave prepared. Once, and again, and again, he came to Clinton to die ; longing that his soul might be with Christ, and his body in the *narrow-house*, near his beloved Christian teacher.

While the ambitious but vulgar great, look principally to sculptured



monuments, and to niches in the temple of earthly fame, SKENANDON, in the spirit of the only real nobility, stood with his loins girded, waiting the coming of his Lord.

His Lord has come! and the day approaches when the green hillock that covers his dust, will be more respected than the Pyramids, the Mausolea, and the Pantheons of the proud and imperious. His simple "turf and stone" will be viewed with affection and veneration, when their taudry ornaments of human apotheosis shall awaken only pity and disgust.

"Indulge, my native land, indulge the tear,  
"That steals impassion'd o'er a nation's  
doom;

"To me each twig from Adam's stock is  
near,

"And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb."  
*Clinton, March 14th, 1816.*

#### REFLECTIONS ON SPRING.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of  
Good!

"Almighty---thine this universal frame,

"Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!

"Unspeakable !....."

Of all the seasons, *Spring* is the most delightful. Nature is as it were then beginning to receive existence. The howling storms of desolate Winter are gone and forgotten; the mild serenity of the morning, the gradual advances of vegetation, and the changing appearance of the whole face of things, accompanied by the harmonious confusion of singing birds, heard on every side, convey to the transported imagination, a pleasure which the mind can scarcely receive, far less describe. Not only birds and animals, but even the inanimate creation, seem to rejoice in something like that uni-

versal joy expressed on the appearance of the first Spring, when "The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Yet strange as it may appear, there are men in the world, to whom all these glorious manifestations of the Deity, these inexhaustible bounties bestowed on his creatures, are overlooked, despised, or utterly disregarded. Winter may blow, Spring renew the world, and Summer and Harvest return in rich pomp—it is all one to them; if their bellies or their coffers are full, they care for no more. Such wretches are truly contemptible... Hence, ye insensible, unfeeling beings! ye most callous and ungrateful of the works of God! ye are unworthy of any of those blessings which the generous *Father* of all, showers down upon his creatures; may your company and your feelings be for ever strangers to my bosom!

Did the Almighty Creator of this universe design his works to be overlooked? Did He furnish with inimitable beauty, many of the minutest, and with astonishing grandeur, all the conspicuous parts of creation, to be neglected? Did he set them for ever before our eyes, as well in the depth of midnight, as in the glare of noon, to be disregarded? Did he bestow on man reason and reflection—eyes to behold, and a mind to comprehend, for no other purpose than to know what he should eat and drink, and how to overreach his neighbour? Are we apt to be in admiration at some curious production of art, some elegant piece of architecture, or expressive performance in painting; and is there any thing in art like the astonishing magnifi-

cence of this world, and the surrounding planets? or equal to the ravishing pencil of Nature? Who can give life to his figures in painting, make his trees wave, and his groups of cattle range about his meadows? or give motion and action to the huge pile he may rear up to heaven? Alas! how puny and weak are all the exertions of the greatest copyists, to the great original, Nature! and how worthy of contemplation are the ever-varying scenes around us! The music of the groves—the roaring of the tempest,—the striking colours of the living landscape; the immense circle of heaven,—the boundless extent of ocean, comprehend all that is great, sublime or magnificent in painting, poetry, music and eloquence; and sink into the soul with irresistible power.

Come then, ye amateurs of arts and sciences, come, and with me survey these glorious originals, of which all your systems and most perfect performances are but miserable and feeble imitations! Do you admire the wonderful powers of the pencil?—cast your eye along that sloping dale where herds of cattle industriously stray; where groves and thickets are scattered over the green level, through which the whitened sails of the lofty vessel glide slowly along; while rugged mountains, and a blue sky close the scene; where the songs of the cheerful rustic, the smoaking of the distant cottages, the universal appearance of felicity and plenty, innocence and peace, almost intoxicates the heart with joy. What person can contemplate such a prospect, and not feel his heart overflow with gratitude to that all-bountiful and omnipotent *Being*, who

thus pours down his blessings, and delights in the happiness of all his creatures. Great God! may a conviction of thy munificence never cease to animate my bosom! may thy goodness teach me humanity—thy greatness a contempt for those who call themselves great—and the constant succession of night and day, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, this glorious truth... That thou art our *kind* and *universal Parent*, and we *brothers* and *sisters* of one great *Family*.

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#### ARROWE'S STREAM.

"A silver stream shall roll his waters near,  
"Gilt with the sun-beams here and there,  
"On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk."

COWLEY.

"Cease a little while, O wind! Stream,  
be thou silent a while! Let my voice be  
heard over the heath; let my wanderer  
hear me. Salgar! It is I who call. Why  
delayest thou thy coming?"

MACPHERSON.

I SIT by Arrowe's side on the trunk of a rifted oak: once it gave shade to the bank, but now it is bowed to the stream; the waters make their way through its reverend sides. A willow graces the opposing shore; its trunk is disparted by Time. Part thrives erect upon the humid marge; its foliage trembles in the wind; part seems forsaking its site: Its roots are exposed to the tide; its branches recline on the stream, and mock the sportive wave. The wild rose flaunts along the osier'd bank; its blushing buds are surcharged with dew. The frolick zephyr rifles every hoard, and scatters fragrance around. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream!

On an islet that severs the tide, an aspen once towered supreme; be-



neath the woodman's stroke it bowed, it crashed, it fell. Its roots and its headless trunk their ancient abode maintain. Many a lusty twig adorns their sides of age. The rank grass bends beneath the glittering dew : the broad leaved mallow rejoices in its seat : the insinuating ivy spreads its arms around. Rapid over yon pebbly bed is the glide of the glassy stream ; its silver'd foam enchants the eye ; its gurgle enchants the ear. A tuft of reeds "whistles in the wind," and seems to glory in the circling wave. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream !

New beauties burst upon the view. The curious intertwine of the encountring trees, the sylvan arch impervious to the sun, the "old fantastic" roots, the solemn stillness of the deep, the awe-inspiring gloom, proclaim a deity near. Genius of the place, arise ! for this is thy chosen haunt. To thee shall my vows be paid, duly at morning's dawn, and duly at silent eve. Many are the sweets of this thy favored stream !

A water-fall is heard remote : its splendors dart through the gloom. Wave rides on wave in wild succession : midway is a thwarting bough, and sweet is their conflict rude. Clumps of alder abound : their roots are verdur'd with moss : the wave rebounds from their sides ; it now eludes and now confronts the view ; the eye is bewildered in sweet perplexity ; the ear is enchained to the melodies of the scene. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream !

Nor less are the sweets of the plain. The ancient hawthorn in the midst, the panting brutes beneath, the hedge-

row's diversities of green, the cuckoo from the neighbouring copse, the bleat of the woolley flock, the low of the *distant* herd, the chaunt of the feathered tribe, the grasshopper's cheering chirp, the rustic reed of the swain, united, entrance my soul. But whence this rising sigh, and whence this trembling tear ? Has melody forsaken the plain ? or, lost are the sweets of the stream ? "Sovereign of the willing soul !" thy form disclosed a paradise of sweets ; thy voice so me was melody. When will it be heard again ? when will Matilda be present with her looks of love ! Ask of the soul-fraught sigh ! Consult the scalding tear ! Melody has forsaken the plain, and lost are the sweets of the stream.

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#### ORIGINAL SIN.

Zealous divines have thumped to rags many a pulpit-cushion, to prove that Sin is in man even before he was born, and that therefore 'what is bred in the bone will appear in the flesh.' All this may or may not be true—but I decline just now going into the enquiry. Yet, as it respects the Sin of Marrying and Unmarrying, I would merely hint how false is the old saying, that 'the *devil* would have been a *tailor* had he not lost his first stitch.'—Now it is proved beyond contradiction that he *gained* the first stitch ; for it was directed towards the unblushing charms of the beauteous bride of Adam—the *devil's* needle gave her a prick in the seat of all ladies longings, the spleen ; and the gentle dame finding herself naked, permitted the arch-enemy of her husband to dress her as he pleased. Surely this proves his

Tartarian Majesty to be the very emperor of tailors; and most despotically has he exercised his needle and sheers ever since; *stitching together* what heaven never intended should be united, and *cutting asunder* what the same gracious Power designs should hold lasting union.

## VARIETY.

THOMAS WARTON.

His writings display great richness of fancy, vigour of judgment, and extent of learned research. In the company of strangers he was reserved, among his daily associates affable and good-humoured; but his conversation rarely took any high flight of fancy, or wide range of observation. It usually fell very much below the powers of his mind; and his delight was in compliance with the old fashion of the university, to indulge himself in making puns.

During the first American war there was a camp at Coxheath, and Warton passed some time there. He was asked by a colonel of one of the regiments to read prayers and preach, and the colonel expressed a hope that he did not come unprovided with *theological ammunition*. "No, no," said Warton, "I have brought some old stores with me that, I hope, will answer the purpose you wish: I assure you I come provided with both *Muscat* and *Ball*." These were the names of two writers of sermons.

In a company where Tom Warton was present, a person was talking of the active disposition of the king, and that he possessed a number of time-pieces, particularly a watch so light and small that he could wear it as a ring: "The king wears this," said Warton, "to show that time does not hang heavy upon his hands."

The king conferred on alderman Treacher, an Oxford brewer, the honour of knighthood. Warton was told

that Treacher was made a knight of the new order of Peg Nicholson. "Sir," said the wag, "the king should have revived an *old* order, the brewer should have been dubbed a knight of *Malta*."

A person just returned from London, told him he had attended an execution at Tyburn, and had seen Jack Ketch dressed very shabbily. "Do you not think, sir," said he "that such a public officer ought to wear a gown?" "By all means replied Warton; "but be sure to let him have *hanging* sleeves to it."

Tom Warton's conversation turned upon Rapin's "History of England" when he was disturbed by a young man whose name was *Tindal*, making a noise at the college gate. The discussion was resumed, and again interrupted by Tindal knocking for admittance at the college gate. On one of the company asking Warton what was the matter, "I believe, sir," said he, "It is *Tindal's* continuation of *Rap-in*."

He heard two physicians talking of the singular beauty of a lady: they both conversed with great animation, and seemed to contend which should praise her the most. "I do not wonder, gentlemen," said Warton, "at the warmth of your discussion, as the subject of it is a *Venus de Medicis*."

It was reported that a certain duke who lived in the vicinity of Oxford, not remarkable for his liberality, allowed his servants to dispose of the produce of his lake. "I always suspected," said Warton, "that the man was *sel-fish*."

## LOBB'S POUND.

Mr. Lobb was a preacher among the dissenters. When their meetings were prohibited, he contrived a trap-door in his pulpit, which thro' many dark windings led into a cellar. His adversaries once pursuing him into these subterraneous recesses, were lost; and groping about, cried to each other, we have got into Lobb's pound.

## THE WEAVID AND THE MOTH.

It was beautifully said by St. Pierre, "the weavil and the moth oblige the wealthy monopolizer to bring his goods to market, and by destroying the wardrobes of the opulent they give bread to the industrious. Were grain as incorruptible as gold, it would be soon as scarce; and we ought to bless the hand that created the insect which *obliges* them to sift, turn, and ultimately to bring the grain to public sale."

A free negro was brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering; the magistrate begins to remonstrate—"Do you know how to read?" Yes, massa, little!"—"Well, don't you never make use of the bible?"—"Yes, massa, I trap my razor on it, sometimes."

## ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

Still hovering round the fair at sixty-four,  
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;  
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,  
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting;  
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he  
can,  
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY  
RECOMMENDED TO THE FAIR SEX.

A tincture of philosophy may be called the *cosmetic* of nature: it will render all her scenes lovely, and all her apartments a theatre of diversion: diversions infinitely superior to those dangerous delights which are so apt to seduce the affections, and debauch the minds of young people.—When Philosophy lends her optics, an unclouded morning, beautiful with the rising sun; a clear night, brilliant with innumerable stars, will be a more pleasing spectacle, than the most glaring illumination of an assembly room. The melody of birds, and the murmur of fountains, the humming insect, and the sighing gale, will be a higher gratification than the finest airs at an opera. A field, covered with corn, or a meadow besprinkled with daisies; a marsh planted with osiers, or a mountain

shaded with oaks, will yield a far more agreeable prospect than the most pompous scenes that decorate the stage. Should clouds overcast the heavens, or winter disrobe the flowers, an inquiry into the causes of these grand vicissitudes will more than compensate the transitory loss. A discovery of the divine wisdom and divine goodness in these seemingly disastrous changes, will impart gaiety to the gloomy sky, and make the most unornamented seasons smile.

It is for want of such truly elegant and satisfactory amusements, that so many ladies of the finest genius, have no proper employment for their delicate capacities, but lose their happiness in flights of caprice, or fits of the vapours; lose their time in the most insipid chat, or the most whimsical vagaries. Thought is a burthen, and reflection is a drudgery: a serious discourse makes them melancholy, and solitude fills them with horror.—*Bost. Ev. Gaz.*

## SINGULAR FACT.

*Islands produced by Insects.*—The whole group of the Thousand Islands, in the neighbourhood of the equator owe their origin to the labour of that order of marine worms which Linnaeus has arranged under the name of Zoophyta. These little animals, in a most surprising manner, construct their calcareous habitations, under an infinite variety of forms, but although the eye may be convinced of the fact, it is difficult for the human mind to conceive the possibility of insects so small being endued with the power, much less being furnished in their own bodies with the materials for constructing the immense fabrics which in almost every part of the East and Pacific Oceans lying between the tropics, are met with in the shape of detached rocks, or reefs of great extent or Islands already clothed with plants, whose bases are fixed at the bottom of the sea, where light and heat are sparingly received.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

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VERSES

### ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE :

Imitated from the Latin of J. Jortin.

—  
WHY am I left thy hapless fate to mourn,  
And weep my lovely PETA's saddening  
death?  
Would that the fates would call me to thine  
urn,  
And by thy side command me yield my  
breath.

Fain would I quit the hated haunts of life,  
And e'en celestial Phœbus' glowing light,  
My bosom ill accords with care and strife,  
And light and day are loathsome to my  
sight.

Thee will I follow:—thro' the path obscure  
Officious love shall point a welcome way,  
His torch direct me on my journey sure,  
And burst the darkness with his blessed  
ray!

Wife of my heart! on Lethe's mournful wave  
Forbear the goblet's poisonous draught to  
drain,  
Thy husband comes to meet thee in the grave  
And dwell with thee, and view thy charms  
again! B.

—  
For the New-York Weekly Museum.

—  
MONODY

On the death of Capt. Archibald Thompson,  
who fell from the walls of Palermo in Si-  
cily, and shortly after expired.\*

\* The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its  
own,  
"Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan."

—  
FALCONER.

THE snowy-waves of life shall cease to roll,  
Ere time can blot sweet mem'ry from the  
soul.

—  
\* These lines were written shortly after  
the reception of the death of Capt. Thomp-  
son, which was in September 1813; but were  
mislaid until lately, or should have appear'd  
before.

AND is he dead? alas! it is too true—  
And will he ne'er again return? oh! never!  
For fancy paints him clad in death's cold  
hue,  
And faintly whispers—he is gone forever!  
Whilst on the wall he turn'd his sorrowing  
eye,  
Which spoke farewell thro' friendship's  
cloudless sigh.

He, who so often felt for other's woes,  
And gave the tear, thro' pity's softest look,  
Who oft with feeling, gave alas! to those,  
Whom unkind fortune for a time forsook;  
Now lies in sleep, while o'er his lifeless  
breast,  
Is wrapp'd the stranger's turf, that gives  
him rest.

He who was born to wing the mad'ning wave,  
Was doom'd to languish on a foreign shore,  
Far from his friends he sunk into the grave,  
From those who would have sooth'd his last  
sad hour,  
Dried from his brow the wintry damp of  
death,  
Caught his last sigh, and last expiring breath.

And did no kindred spirit, wand'ring nigh  
The dying spot, his last sad moments close?  
Was there no form that stay'd the death-clad  
sigh,  
And hush'd the ocean of his suff'ring woes?  
No, no, for cloud-top'd waves between them  
rend,  
And strangers only, was the stranger's friend.

But if the stranger's tear and pitying sigh,  
To ocean's son was feeling, nobly given,  
A Father marks it with a beaming eye,  
And it shall meet its bright reward in  
heaven,  
Where the cold tears of sorrow never fall,  
But purest bliss shall comfort one and all.

—  
ROLLA.

—  
THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Now dawns the day, to folly ever dear,  
And deem'd by her the fairest of the year;  
April's first morn, distinguish'd by her birth,  
To sloth she gives the day; the night to  
mirth,  
Comes when the hooting owls begin their  
flight,  
For folly keeps her holiday—at night.

## THE IRISH BARD TO HIS HARP.

ADIEU, my lov'd Harp! for no more shall  
the vale  
Re-echo thy notes as they float on the gale;  
No more melting Pity shall sigh o'er thy  
string,  
Or Love to thy tremblings so tenderly sing.  
When Battles's fell strife launch'd its thun-  
ders afar,  
And Valor's dark brow wore the honours of  
War,  
'Twas thou breath'd the fame of the Hero  
around,  
And young Emulation was wak'd by the  
sound.  
Ye daughters of Erin, soon comes the sad  
day,  
When over the turf where I sleep ye shall  
say—  
"Ah! still is the song we repaid with a tear.  
"And silent the string that delighted the  
ear!"

The following is an imitation of a copy of  
verses which was presented to madame  
Bonaparte, when she was madame Beau-  
harnois. The imagery is beautiful, and  
the allegory well sustained.—*Pert Folio.*

DESTIN'D with restless foot to roam,  
Old TIME, a venerable sage,  
Reaches a river's brink, and—"Come,"  
He cries, "have pity on my age.  
What! on these banks forgotten I,  
Who mark each moment with my glass!  
Hear damsels, hear my suppliant cry,  
And courteously help TIME to pass!"

Reclining on the farther shore,  
Full many a gentle nymph look'd on;  
And fain to speed his passage o'er,  
Made Love, their boatman, fetch the crone;  
But one, of all the group most staid,  
Still warn'd her ven'trous mates—"Alas,  
How oft has shipwreck whelm'd the maid  
Whose pity would help TIME to pass!"

Lightly his boat across the stream  
Love guides, his hoary freight receives.  
And, fluttering mid the sunny gleam,  
His canvas to the breezes gives:

And plying light his little oars---  
In treble now, and now in bass.  
"See girls," th' enraptur'd urchin roars,  
"How gaily LOVE makes TIME to pass!"

But soon--'tis Love's proverbial crime---  
Exhausted, he his oars let fall;  
And quick those oars are snatch'd by TIME,  
And---heard ye not the rallier's call?—  
"What tir'd so soon of thy sweet toil,  
Poor child thou sleepest!--I, alas!  
In graver strain repeat, the while,  
My song--'tis TIME makes LOVE to pass!"

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

SWEET to the soul the parting ray,  
That ushers placid evening in;  
When with the still expiring day,  
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;  
How grateful to the anxious breast,  
The sacred hours of holy rest.

I love the blush of vernal bloom,  
When morning gildes life's sullen tear,  
And dear to me the mournful gloom  
Of Autumn, "Sabbath of the year;"  
But purer pleasures, joys sublime,  
Await the dawn of HOLY TIME.

Hushed is the tumult of the day,  
And worldly cares and business cease;  
While soft the vesper breezes play,  
To hymn the glad return of peace;  
O season blest, O moments given!  
To turn the vagrant thoughts to Heaven.

What though involved in lurid night,  
The loveliest charms of nature fade!  
Yet mid the gloom can heavenly light,  
With joy, the contrite soul pervade;  
O then, Great Source of light divine,  
With beams ethereal, gladden mine.

Oft as these hallowed hours shall come,  
O raise my thoughts from earthly things,  
And bear me to my heavenly home  
On living Faith's immortal wings---  
'Till the last gleam of life decay  
In one eternal SABBATH DAY!

*Harrisburg Federalist.*

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1816.

## Intelligence.

*Destruction of Sierra Leone.*—Capt. Young, of the ship *Charlotte*, who arrived at Providence on the 22d ult. in 44 days from the Isle de Los, brings a report, that two days before he sailed, a large party of blacks from the country attacked Sierra Leone; that they were joined by the black troops stationed there; destroyed all the buildings; and murdered most of the white inhabitants, together with several of the British officers. These facts were communicated to Capt. Young, while getting under way at Isle de Los, by some persons in a boat direct from Bulam shore, opposite Sierra Leone.

A letter from Louisville, Kentucky, says "A cave has lately been found in the Indiana territory, twelve miles from the Ohio River, and twelve west of New Albany, in which there is an inexhaustible quantity of Glauber Salt, or Sulphate of Potash. The circumstances of the discovery are as follows:—A hunter found the cave in the woods, went in, found the salt, and brought some to an apothecary in this village (Louisville) the apothecary offered six hundred dollars for two cart loads of it. It was shewn to Dr. Adams, one of our physicians, who examined it, and set off to the cave. He found it to be one on a section of land not taken out of the land office of the United States. He went to the land office, and entered it for himself, and is now preparing to dig it for exportation. The section of 160 acres cost him only 320 dollars, at 2 dollars per acre. There is also a number of caves in which there is Salt Petre, in the neighbourhood of it."

The legislature of Virginia, by unanimous vote, have requested of Judge Washington to have the remains of the late General and his wife confided to their charge, for the purpose of being

interred near the capitol at Richmond, beneath a monument to be erected there at the expence of the state. In reply to the letter of Governor Nicholas making this request, Judge Washington says—"Obligations more sacred than any thing which concerns myself—obligations with which I cannot dispense, command me to retain the mortal remains of my venerated Uncle in the family vault where they are deposited. It is his own will and that will is to me a law which I dare not disobey. He has himself directed that his body should be placed there, and I cannot separate it from those of his near relatives, by which it is surrounded."

Bills have passed the House of Representatives of the United States for erecting the Mississippi and Indiana territories into States.

*A Whale*—On Tuesday, the 19 ult. (says the Norfolk Herald,) while the crew of a small northern vessel were employed in catching oysters near the mouth of the Nansemond River, they perceived a whale pass by them. They concluded to follow and endeavour to take it, in which they succeeded by driving it ashore opposite to Old Town Point. After some difficulty they succeeded in getting it on dry land, it measured 50 feet in length, and is expected to yield from 15 to 20 barrels of oil. A similar occurrence was witnessed near the same place, as we learn, about 25 years ago; and about the same time a whale measuring 62 feet, was cast ashore on Cape Henry.

*The Weather*, during the first 20 days of March, was extremely severe, both at Quebec and at Montreal. At Quebec the Thermometer was down to 20 below cypher; and at Montreal, to 13. The Montreal Herald of the 23d of March remarks that "the average of cold from the 1st to the 20th was greater than in any 20 days taken together since the winter set in." On the 21st of March, the snow, in the vicinity of Quebec, was between four and five feet deep.



The ice in the Hudson at this place, broke up on Wednesday morning; and before evening several sloops arrived at the wharves, which are again enlivened with the hum of business.—*Albany Argus.*

As the Steam-Boat Eagle was entering Elk River on her passage to Elkton, she was suddenly stopped, and after a detention of upwards of two hours, it was discovered that a small Cat-fish had been drawn into the injection pipe, which stopped the motion of the machinery. The Fish was taken out and is now on board the Steam-Boat.

A melancholy accident happened at Flatlands L. I. on Friday the 29th ult. when Mr William Furman, of Gowanus, being out in a boat with his son, a lad of 19 or 20, shooting ducks, levelled his gun to fire at a flock, and the young man rising in the head of the boat at the moment, received the whole charge in his head and instantly expired. The distress of the father, at the shocking catastrophe, may be easier conceived than expressed.—*Col.*

On Tuesday night last, a man by the name of Elisha Pride, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a pen-knife, on board the sloop Oneida Chief. He was last from Norwich, Conn. and took passage on board the Oneida Chief, for Albany on his way home to Cooperstown.

The body of a man, aged 45, in sailor's dress, was found on Tuesday morning at Fly-market slip, supposed to have been drowned some time. A sailor fell from the yard of the ship Elizabeth, at Pine-street wharf about three weeks ago, and sunk without rising again.

On Tuesday a lady, of foreign birth, wife to a respectable and wealthy dry good merchant, in a state of partial derangement, after several previous attempts on her life, closed her mortal existence by a dose of laudanum—the third by that poison this week.

It is thought proper to apprise our distant subscribers, that the present volume of the Museum will end the 27th instant; and those that have paid up their subscription to that period are respectfully requested to recollect, that agreeably to the terms of the publication, it is necessary that the advance money be forwarded (free of expense) for another year from the above time; by those who wish to continue it.

Desirous of giving every satisfaction, no pains or expense will be spared to continue the Museum worthy the patronage of the public, particularly the Ladies, whose liberality, we hope, will give it a more extensive circulation. As it rests entirely on its subscription, (which in price is certainly the cheapest publication of the kind in the country) it is absolutely necessary to its support that its small dues be punctually paid. To those who have done so, we tender our best thanks, and those who have not, we trust will shortly enable us to do so.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. William Hooker, to Miss Eliza C. Blunt, daughter of Mr. Edmund M. Blunt, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. John Houseman, to Miss Jane Ann Brown, all of this city.

By the rev. John Williams, Dr. James L. Phelps, to Miss Catherine Vanderpool, daughter of Mr. Jacob Vanderpool.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Harvey Weed, of the firm of N. & H. Weed, to Miss Lucinda Squire.

By the rev. Mr. Bassett, Mr. James Ainslie, merchant, to Miss Mary Vandervort, daughter of Francis Vandervort, Esq. of Bushwick, L. Island.

## Obituary.

### DIED,

After a severe illness in the 51st year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Copland, wife of George Copland, of this city.

Mrs. Christiana Eagle, wife of Mr. Henry Eagle, in the 44th year of her age.

Mrs. Ann Barnes, in the 67th year of her age.

At Flemington, George Maxwell, esq. formerly member of Congress.

## ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

From a London Paper.

MADAM Spitfire at the sign of the *Furies*, in Hackley-street, next door to the Cat's Paw Tavern, offers her service to the public, to teach the noble art of SCOLDING and QUARRELLING, in good or bad humour, in love or spite; by the week, day, hour, minute or second; early or late; before or after meal: without regard to any person, in Dutch or English. She has discovered a new way for women to pull the hair and cap of their adversary.—Scolding, &c. taught in the genteelest manner, to country women as well as town ladies. Judges and magistrates scolded in the neatest style. She has a very peculiar mode of scolding adapted to every age and circumstance of life. Married women taught to scold their husbands blind, deaf and dumb, in six weeks. As a proof of her abilities in this polite acquirement, she scolded eight husbands to death in three years time, and the ninth is far gone. She teaches how to make grimaces or furious faces; how to look sharp and Mary Magdalen like: sleepy husbands may have their wives taught to scold them awake. She scolded her teeth out of her head the first year she followed this noble business, which renders her incapable of teaching the art of biting; but, on the other hand, she is not afflicted with the tooth ache, which is a great advantage.—She is well provided with needles and pins, to teach how to scratch faces, arms, hands, eyes, &c. Water changed into vinegar by scolding. Scolding done in the newest and most approved style, in black, blue, red, or any colour, on the shortest notice.

—:~:—

THE RIDICULE.

THIS pretty article of feminine accoutrement, a correspondent observes, is most ridiculously called *ridicule*.—Originally made of net-work it was in French very properly called *Reticule* from the Latin *Riticulum*, (a little net)

—In imitation of our neighbors, we adopted the same appellation, and retaining the Latin *U* (as in *Animalcule*, &c.) pronounced it in four syllables, though we already had the word in our dictionaries in its contracted form, *Reticule*, like *Miracle*, *Oracle*, &c.—To account for its metamorphosis into *Ridicule*, our correspondent adds, that *Ridicule* (*derision*) is by many persons mispronounced *Reddicule*; and hence he supposes, with every appearance of probability, that sapient critics, unacquainted with the real origin and meaning of the term *Reticule*, on first hearing it properly pronounced, imagined it to be a further corruption of the already corrupt *Reddicule*, and by way of setting all right converted it into *Ridicule*!!!—*Boat. Gaz.*

## COMMON FAME

AMUSES people with what does not concern them, and her reports are generally void of foundation; she marries and buries numbers, without even their permission or knowledge; raises vast armies and equips mighty fleets without a single farthing of expence to the potentate for whose service they are intended; fights bloody battles, and leaves thousands slain on the field, who are nevertheless in good health; takes and lays in ashes, cities and provinces, that never existed: All these things, and many others of a like nature, she is doing continually. If you believe her she will persuade you that you are entirely ignorant of your own concerns; and your neighbours are by her made acquainted what you do, and intend doing, what you yourself never had either intention or power to accomplish—this is COMMON FAME.

## THE MUSEUM

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